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**TELEPHONE MAIN 661.**  
Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

**WEATHER.**

- Western Oregon and Washing- ton—Showers.
- Eastern Oregon and Washing- ton—Showers and thunder storms.

**INSURANCE IN ASTORIA.**

When the news of the dreadful disaster to San Francisco was at its height, one of the most conspicuous features of the current intelligence was the prompt and generous declarations of the great insurance companies involved there, that they would meet the situation without default and do it upon the instant of the determination of the losses. The whole country felt that this would mitigate the sum of the tremendous loss, and was proud of and grateful for the spontaneous showing made by the companies. Now, in the cold aftermath, when the warmth of sentiment has died down and the chill of the business hour has come, these same people who were so ready with their protestations of ability and willingness to meet their direct obligations in the great premise, deliberately, and with insulting avarice, swing their burden of loss upon the country at large and compel the disinterested property owner everywhere, to bear the onus of their herculean loss, and pay the same in a twenty-five per cent advance upon ordinary premium cost. The sum of insurance evils was not reached in the unfoldment of the reckless depravity of the life companies, from which the country has hardly yet recovered; it remained for the fire companies to add this shameful expression of greed and dishonesty to the record and accentuate the fast-rising, world-wide conviction, that there is absolutely no corporate honor left. It is high time the people were getting in line for the adoption of some scheme of mutuality in the conduct of their defences against death and fire, and the inauguration of such a policy would meet with redundant appreciation at this time. Astoria, with one of the best water services on the coast, with one of the smallest records of fire losses in her class, with the top notch premium rate in full blast for years past, is coldly informed that she must contribute her share in the adjustment of this enormous loss with which she had nothing to do, and all new policies uttered here, after June 1st, are charged with the contribution at the rate of 25 per cent above and beyond the old and burdensome rate. The Astorian desires to say, here and now that its columns are open for all time to any organized and accredited effort to throw off this imposition and will contribute in all ways and at all times to this end.

**ARRANT STULTIFICATION.**

The election of George E. Chamberlain to the governorship of Oregon is conceded; he succeeds himself by virtue of the deliberate votes of over 25000 stultified republicans. WHY? By the sheer force of his personality? By any pronounced and exclusive virtues he possesses over his opponent, Dr. Wilby-

combs? By any extraordinary record of official accomplishment? By any pre-eminence of equipment, mentally, morally, or other trenchant quality? The question is not susceptible of immediate answer; time alone may develop the real inspiration behind his untoward success, and for the time being it may be as well to attribute it to the personality of the man and his adroit mastery of the art of campaigning; such a reason will be accepted readily at the passing moment.

But, for Clatsop county, we desire to emphatically deny the far-fetched deductions of the Oregonian, couched in the following paragraph: "The bosses whom the primary law had dethroned; the deposed masters of the old machine, and all their henchmen throughout the state; the remnants who lamented Mitchell; the friends of Herrmann here, of Williamson there, and Mody yonder; the gangs who have been prosecuted for land frauds and all who had interest, relationship and friendly feeling with them, wanted to show their own importance and 'get even.' So at every point within their reach they drove the knife in. The effort was directed chiefly at the men who stood in the first places on the ticket—for such effort must be concentrated if it is to have effect."

This spirit found no expression here; this idea was not in vogue here and not a single expression of such feeling was manifest here through the campaign; the republicans of Clatsop worked shoulder to shoulder, with an unity of purpose that was good to see, and the press of this section was absolutely silent on this score; the Oregonian may have home-cause for its savage conclusions on this head, and deprecate it for Multnomah's sake, but Clatsop county is clear of the lash it wields in this behalf and wants it so understood the state over. What was done here, was honestly done, and no shadow of ulterior purpose, reproach, or revenge, attaches to the efforts of Clatsop to defeat George E. Chamberlain.

**THE PASSING OATH.**

The electoral system of Oregon provides for the taking of oaths at certain junctures of its process, and makes very plain, the nature of the affidavit, and the qualifications of the men who contribute to it. There is no ambiguity to it, whatever; nothing to mislead the ordinary citizen; it is all simple and understandable, and there is no reason why any man may not minister to its fulfillment, PROVIDED HE DOES SO WITH DEFINITE AND HONEST KNOWLEDGE OF ALL HE IS SWEARING TO. Under any other hypothesis, he lays himself open to criticism, at least, and technically, to the most rigorous penalties. In the heat and hurry and turmoil of an election it is very easy for one to forget the niceties of the situation surrounding the taking of an oath, and men grow careless, not to say indifferent, from the repetition of the function, and not infrequently they take far too much for granted and, as often, lend the efficacy of their sworn word, upon the mere statement of a friend in whom they have implicit confidence. These things are altogether wrong, and lead to infinite trouble when the exact, constructive rules of the law are applied, or invoked. There should be a very careful handling of this important prerogative and a modification of the willingness of the ordinary citizen to take the solemn duty of offering sworn testimony, upon flimsy pretences, and with too tolerant a readiness.

**EDITORIAL SALAD.**

When railroad presidents begin to fight, the public stands fair to hear something to its interest.

It has come to a pretty pass when a meritorious measure can be got through the senate only by being attacked as a "rider" to another bill.

The Philadelphia Inquirer is responsible for the assertion that Wall Street stands aghast at the folly of the youth who dropped \$300,000 in Canfield's instead of in stocks.

William Jennings Bryan has refused to accept a decoration from the Sultan of Turkey. It is hinted in Nebraska, however, that he still would be willing to be decorated by the voters of the United States.

For the first time in its history Delaware has had Sunday passenger trains. They hardly seem necessary. Any citizen desiring to go from one end of the commonwealth to the other could easily walk.

If the Hessians, as alleged, brought over the Hessian fly, that so damages American wheat, in their forage during the revolution, will some one tell us when the gypsies introduced the gypsy moth and whether they got the same deserved reception as the Hessians?

**Currency to Cookies**  
By Cecilia A. Loizeaux  
Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

**M**R. JARED BARTON leaned his gray head wearily on his hand. "There they go again," he said aloud in a distressed tone. "And before she came here they were thicker than thieves. I wish I could find a way out of this mess."

The angry voices which had been the cause of this soliloquy became angrier and nearer: "And if I ever see you looking at her again with that sick cat expression on your mug I'll injure it so you can't grin for a week."

"That's Dick," said the father, laughing in spite of himself at this threat. "Bess says she's a bully nurse," said the other voice. "I'd have good care."

"Bert always gets ahead. He's just what I was when I was his age," chuckled the old man in the library. "Great Scott! They'll kill each other yet! Here, you young hounds!" he yelled, rushing out into the hall. "You pick yourself up and get out of this. If you've got to fight, you go out behind the barn and fight till one or the other of you gets killed. Look out there, Dick!"

Dick had his brother down and was sitting on him. He had just raised his arm to administer a good blow on the upturned face of Bert when his father caught his arm and dragged him off. Bert did not take the trouble to get up, but lay flat on his back, looking up at his brother with a wicked one-sided grin.

"Get up, Bert," ordered his father, and he shuffled to his feet. Very suddenly Mr. Barton's patience gave out. Catching Bert by the collar and retaining his grip on Dick's arm, he shook both boys until his face grew purple, and, letting them go, he leaned against the banisters gasping for breath. The boys made no attempt to resist; they merely grew utterly limp. They were twins, about seventeen, and small for their age, with fair hair and dreamy gray eyes. All of the mischief perpetrated in the particular suburb in which they lived was sooner or later tracked to their door or to the doors of their innocent accomplices. They had one redeeming feature; until a few months before this they had clung together through thick and thin. When one was punished the other was punished before the rest of the family could live with him. It seemed, sometimes, to their anguished parents as if the twins could read each other's mind.

While their mother was alive she had been able to control them to some extent, and her last words were, "Keep the twins together." At that time they were so thick "a knife blade couldn't be slid between them," as Mr. Barton remarked. But that was some time ago. Now—

"I'm ashamed of you," he said wearily and went back into his library, leaving the twins glaring at each other. Presently they began to look sheepish, and then they grinned and stuck out their hands at the same time. The argument was understood to be closed for the present.

Mr. Barton watched them go down the street together, arm in arm, and gave a sigh of relief. He knew he would have an hour or two of peace.

While he stood musing at the window his little daughter Bess and her governess came around the corner and in at the gate.

"There's the bone of contention now," he said. "What does she mean by encouraging those young whelps to fall in love with her?"

His daughter Bess bounced into the room waving an envelope in her hand. "Letter from Bob," she whooped. "Hurry up and read 'er!"

"Quietly, Bessie!" said Miss Gray, who had entered behind the little girl. "When you have finished visiting with your father, come upstairs and I will help you with your French for tomorrow."

Mr. Barton took Bess on his knee and opened his letter. It was characteristic. He was out in Colorado "seeing the world" and having the "time of his life;" was "well and happy and ready to come home at any time; love to Bess and the boys and his regards to the young lady who had succeeded in making individuals out of the Siamese twins."

Bess ran away presently, and Mr. Barton let his thoughts wander out to his eldest son. Bob had been graduated from Harvard the summer before and had come home a little more enthusiastic about Boston than he should have been, knowing his father's prejudice against the place. The very first thing he had done on his arrival home was to announce his engagement to a girl from Boston.

Now, it had never entered Mr. Barton's head that Bob could be such a fool as to fall in love at twenty-three, and the cool announcement took away his breath.

"Huh!" he snorted. "You precocious baby! Pretty husband you'd make, wouldn't you? Bessie's rag dolls could marry and be about as dignified as you'd be in such a fix."

Bob merely grinned and turned away the edge of the old man's wrath. "It isn't because I think you would not make money enough. You're a stick of the same kind of a wood pile your father used to chop. You go out west for a year, and I'll pay the bills, and I'll bet you anything you like you'll come back cured."

Bob thought for awhile, and then he said slowly: "Dad, I'll bet you currency to cookies that I can beat you at this game." And he departed cheerfully for the west.

Mr. Barton thought of all this rather complacently, and then he sat down and wrote a letter to Bob. It was even more characteristic than the letter from his son.

My Dear Bob—"The time has come," as the walrus said, "to speak of many things." I'm in the devil of a fix, and I guess it's your turn to help out your poor old dad. Besides, you got me into it. It was you, with your precious Boston ideas, that got me to engage a governess for my tomboy girl. I blessed you profusely at first, and, as far as Bess goes, I still do. She is getting quite tame. But the Siamese twins, as you call your brothers, have set up a three ring circus, and I have to go around watching the animals so they won't bite each other and die of hydrophobia. I'm getting a little too old to play the role of ringmaster with any success. "And it's all on account of Elias," as we used to sing.

This governess whom I got on your advice is a very engaging young lady, and, in fact, she has engaged the affections of those two pups. I don't blame 'em very much, either. That's the worst of it. She says she's twenty-one, but she doesn't look a day over eighteen. A cunning little brown eyed trick you could hide up your sleeve. Has an A. B. from Wellesley and claims she was born and bred in Boston, which is really all I have against her.

The twins began by hating her, and I had to give 'em a couple of thrashings apiece to make 'em stop playing unheard of practical jokes. Now I have to thrash 'em to keep 'em from loving her too strenuously.

It's getting too much for me. If you expect to keep my gray hairs out of the grave, you come home and distract their attention. You always could manage them, because you did not have to live with them. This is both a prayer and a command. Come home and help your helpless DAD.

P. S.—If you still feel that you must marry, marry the governess. She's the best I ever saw—from Boston too. Privately, I think she was born in Chicago, and Wellesley is all that ails her. Perhaps she knows you. I haven't asked her.

He sent this letter and at dinner that evening looked around his table with a complacent and chuckling satisfaction. The twins looked thin and pathetic and tried not to eat much. Miss Gray was demure and smiling in a dainty dinner gown, and the hoiden, Bess, had her hair ribbons properly tied and both stockings pulled up. Dinner was peaceful, but there was a tempest afterward, and Mr. Barton sent the twins to bed at 9 o'clock. He was unusually gentle and patient with them.

After they had made up for the night they talked about this. They did not like the look of it.

"Did you see how he grinned at her? Just like an old goat! If we don't settle who's to have her and get busy, he'll end things by getting her himself," said Bert.

"Make a pretty stepmother. Rather prettier than her stepsons, I should say," was the insinuating reply.

Two days later Mr. Barton came to lunch with a telegram in his hand. "I've good news," he said. "Bob's coming Thursday."

Bess gave a whoop and a jump and grabbed the telegram, which Bert snatched from her hand before she had had a chance to read a word.

"Hurrah!" yelled Dick, doing a war dance specialty of his.

Miss Gray, with a very red face, tried to keep Bess from dancing a jig on the table, and Mr. Barton, seeing her evident annoyance, spoke apologetically. "When you become acquainted with Bob you'll not wonder quite so much at this fiendish joy. He's rather a good sort, if he is like his dad. Shouldn't wonder if you'd like him," he continued complacently. "He has a habit of being fond of Boston."

"I shall do my best to like him," she said prettily to the old man, and as she ran upstairs she said to herself, "I'll see that the Boston habit becomes settled."

Thursday came. All the family but the governess went to the train, and Bob was almost carried home on the family shoulders. Dinner had been postponed for his coming, and Miss Gray waited rather nervously in the dining room. She had donned her prettiest dinner gown, and her eyes were very bright and her cheeks very pink.

The twins came in first and stood to one side to see what Bob would say to their divinity. In a moment they leaned, weak and helpless, against each other, and then they feebly left the room. Bob, not waiting for the introduction Mr. Barton seemed trying to make, walked across the room and calmly kissed the governess.

Mr. Barton grew slowly, darkly purple. "So you're in this, too, you, you!" "Go easy, dad!" said Bob. "I bet you currency to cookies I'd beat you at this game. You're skinned. The currency is mine. Buck up, dad, and salute your daughter. As for the twins, they can't say they don't like their sister."

**A Canning Baboon.**

In South Africa some of the fruit gardens are much exposed to the ravages of large cycephalic apes, and a good guard has to be kept or the results of long labor would be lost. In some of those gardens grow certain shrubs which are much affected by wasps, the insects liking to attach thereto their nests. These wasps, though small, have a very venomous sting. Baboons had often been noticed eyeing with envious glances the fast ripening fruit in one certain garden, but feared to gather for fear of attracting the assaults of the wasps. One morning the farmer heard terrible cries, and with the aid of a good field-glass he witnessed the following tragedy: A large, venerable baboon, chief of the band, was catching the younger apes and pitching them into the shrubs whereon hung the wasps' nests. This he repeated again and again in spite of the most piteous cries from his vic-

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Of course the wasps assumed the defensive in swarms. During this part of the performance the old brute quietly fed on the fruit, deigning occasionally to throw fragmentary remains to some female and young ba-boons a little farther off.

**The Legend of Don Juan Manuel.**  
Thomas A. Janvier in Harper's Magazine relates the legend of Don Juan Manuel, told as it was to him in the City of Mexico by a Mexican peasant: "This Don Juan Manuel, senior, was a rich and worthy gentleman who had the bad vice of killing people. Every night at 11 o'clock, when the palace clock was striking, he went out from his magnificent house—as you know, senior, it still is standing in the street that has been named after him—all muffled in his cloak, and under it his dagger in his hand. "Then he would meet one in the dark street and would ask him politely, 'What is the hour of night?' And that person, having heard the striking of the clock, would answer, 'It is 11 hours of the night.' And Don Juan Manuel would say to him, 'Senior, you are fortunate above all men because you know precisely the hour at which you die.' Then he would thrust with his dagger. And then, leaving the dead gentleman lying in the street, he would come back again into his own home. And this bad vice of Don Juan Manuel's of killing people went on, senior, for a great many years."

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**Vitality of Trees.**

An illustration of the wonderful vitality and reproductiveness of the redwood is reported from Ukiah as existing in the forests of Mendocino county. It consists of the trunk of a redwood tree felled for the manufacture of shingles, which after lying on the ground undisturbed for several months sprouted a number of young trees, whose roots had developed in its own body.

Travelers through the coast forests have frequently observed the phenomenon of rows of well developed trees growing out of the bodies of those that have lain long enough on the earth to perish and decay. Some years ago a newspaper correspondent reported the strange phenomenon of new redwood growth on a bridge built of redwood logs across a Humboldt county stream.

The sides of this bridge consisted of two large redwoods which had been felled so that the ends rested in the soil on each bank. All along the upper side of each log a row of sturdy redwood saplings developed shortly after the bridge had been finished.—San Francisco Call.

There's little room in this great world of ours for the "Fat Woman." She's a hindrance to herself in street cars, flats, elevators; but what can she do, poor thing—take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Frank Hart, druggist.

The beef trust may not be scared, but somehow it isn't making jokes.

**TEMPLE LODGE MEETS.**

A regular communication of Temple Lodge No. 7, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, June 5, 1906 at 7:30 o'clock. By order W. M. Attest: E. C. Holden, secretary.

The delicate art of frescoing is only learned by years of hard tutelage under expert masters. Each of the proprietors the Eastern Painting & Decorating Co., 75 Ninth street, has spent years in the best shops of the east and is proficient in the art of decorating and frescoing.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE**

Fine hats at the Benton Millinery store, 483 Bond street. Mrs. Jaff. milliner.